THE COMING AMERICAN MISSION . . . . By Lyman Bryson

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"
By Louis Adamic
Reviewed by Oswald Garrison Villard

ANNA SEGHERS, in "The Seventh Cross," has written one of the most remarkable novels to come out of Germany. *(See page 8)*

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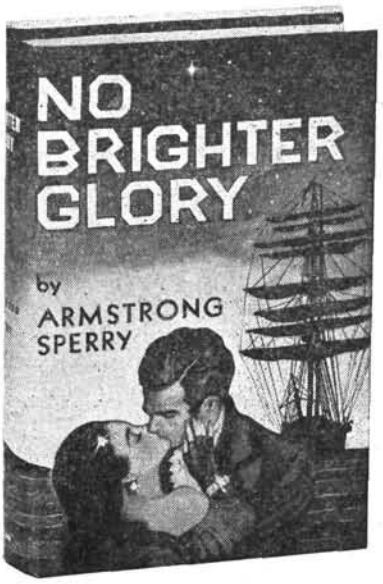

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Coming American Mission

LYMAN BRYSON

THE people of the United States did not enter the present war in an evangelical mood but they are swiftly acquiring one as the war goes on. They are once more undertaking to accept great sacrifices for the sake of the future, as they did in 1917. If the mood endures, they are likely to meet the same frustration, the same sense of having been fooled as in that other adventure. They may fall again into the infantile regressions of the 1920's and hate the world because they have found it difficult to make over. Out of that can come nothing but more disaster. This country is full of articulate persons who have already decided what will be good for the peoples of Europe and Asia when the war has been won. If those who are to receive these blessings show any preference for goods of their own choosing, the same benevolent Americans will turn away, angry, disappointed, and still uncomprehending.

We talk a good deal of the extent to which modern inventions in communication and transport have made the world physically one. And yet each self-conscious culture, each "middle kingdom" may expect the new world, which is to be *one,* to be one in the image best known and most pleasantly familiar. We are all more or less guilty of thinking that ultimate good in government cannot come out of anything but the Western tradition in religious and secular thought. I have heard a speaker heartily applauded by an assembly of business men when he said that the war with Japan was the result of our failure to support the missionaries. He said there would have been no war if the missionaries had had time and money with which to make Christians out of the Japanese. No one reminded him that we were also at war with Christian Germany and Christian Italy, and that Confucian China was heroically on our side while renegade Russia had been our salvation.

As a matter of fact, our social judgments are so little scientific that the glaring incongruities are ignored. At a recent public dinner in honor of an eminent musician, I heard speech after speech made by reputable statesmen and scholars in which it was said that great music expresses the soul of a people and inspires to noble deeds and that by its music a people should be judged. There were also a few customary references to the wicked Nazis. Then the great musician rose, and strode to the other end of the hall, and led an orchestra in his own favorite number. Nobody smiled or looked foolish when it was discovered that his choice was the prelude to the Meistersinger which is also a favorite number of Adolf Hitler's.

What we like we like, and we assemble into strange conglomerates the natural, the familiar, and customary, and then declare with emotional assurance that these things are necessary to each other and that those who want any one of them must take the others—even though they may be in themselves quite inconsistent. The ironies do not matter until we go forth to remake the world. Then this distorted picture we have of our own culture and the false picture we have of relative values become dangerous. They are not images in which the world can safely be made over.

Scientists, philosophers, writers, possibly theologians, too, cannot very well refuse to take some care in this matter. My doubt as to the theologians springs from the conviction that there is no logical flaw in their argument that one who holds absolute truths, revealed in absolute terms, cannot compromise. The philosopher or writer can do as he pleases according to his conscience. The scientist is bound by his own operational definition of truth to find a pragmatic, not an absolute, way of saving the world from world disaster. A genuinely occumenical concern for the welfare of men not committed to an absolute creed, must necessarily try to find a formula for social good which can be applied in the terms of any culture on earth.

What is a good society? I am not prepared to say that any such formula can be found. There has been very little effort in that direction. It would be a formula of societal efficiency. It would have to do with relative values, since our purpose in seeking it is to avoid the clash of absolutes. The entities whose relations it expressed would be operationally defined and probably capable of mathematical measurement.

To say this, is to take sides in the idle controversy over the question, Can social science be scientific in the same way that physics and physiology are scientific? I am not discussing that question, since from the standpoint of my own convictions there is only one possible answer and that is to try.

We are, however, in need of the best emergency methods we can get, while we are waiting for social scientists to write their own Organon. We are trying to win a war as quickly as possible, to get it over with while there still is a world worth fighting for, and our avowed purpose is to reconstruct, out of the pieces, a somewhat better order. Our universities are setting up courses of study to train young emissaries of American democracy who will rebuild the roads and bridges, the health, the agriculture, the towns and factories and we hope also the

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spirit and the institutions of Europe and Asia.

Are they going to be missionaries, offering absolutes in politics and social rule? We shall expect them to be fairly dogmatic about the way to build a bridge or check a typhus epidemic. From this it may tragically follow that they will be equally sure and equally aggressive in establishing "freedom." Twenty years ago we spent money and skill and benevolent interest in Europe as no nation ever did before or since, but we completely refused to observe or take responsibility for the political effects of the use that was made of our bounty. My suggestion is that there may be other programs besides a choice between irresponsible charity and an American New Order.

Europe will be difficult. But there are ways in which Americans and continental Europeans can understand each other. Between us and China, or India, there will be much less in common, almost nothing relevant to the political task. If we peddle absolutes or even turn our backs and do nothing, we shall still be giving one kind of an answer to the question I am raising here. We shall be saying that the answer to, "What Is a Good Society?" is

"Ours!"

I suggest that one way to begin the construction of a formula of social efficiency is to accept the general conclusion of the cultural anthropologists that man, although born a desiring animal, learns in the context of his cultural experience to desire the things that those around him call desirable. Except for a few deviates, for whose happy adjustment only a very wisely complex culture can provide, most men and women are engaged in a lifelong struggle to get the things that all of them in that particular group think worth having. The energy of man's "normal" struggle is in his genes but the forms of his effort, including the very stuff of his ambition, are in the culture of his time and place. The degree in which "normality" varies in shape and tendency from group to group is shown in the reports of observations made in all the corners of the world.

Normal desires, the purposes of ordinary life in any group, are culturally determined, but are not on that account uncertainly or tentatively held. A primitive mind may be a tidy mosaic of absolutes. Few men are ever sophisticated or enlightened enough to question the values that are in the roots of their being. Within the closed world of values, which is the culture we inherit and live by, we fail or succeed, are frustrated or fulfilled.

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The culture is more than the source wherein is shaped our desiring. It is also the limit of our chance. Only our own place and time and group can give us the opportunity of getting what we want. It teaches us what to want and then sets the rules of the game and provides the stakes and calls the winners. Within the closed world of values that is our own culture we learn to want things, and we try to get them, and we judge ourselves and the cosmic plan by whether or not we do get them.

Just so, for example, the dominant pattern of this American society is to get material power. Prestige is attached to material power in spite of the large minority which seeks other things. When we speak of security even, in our present mood of quiet desperation, we mean material security. The "normal" life is set as a quest for material power by most influences of childhood and above all by the ambience of social existence. There are adverse currents in our complex culture, of course, such as the clear teaching of our religions and much of the preceptual content of modern education. They do not count for enough. Whatever we say, we normally go on "wanting" material power.

If we are to begin with this basic idea we have to take it as probably true that the same persons now seeking material power in North American culture would be quiet, non-contentious ritualists if they had been born Zunis. That is, they would be normal by the Zuni pattern. Our desires are not in our genes. The same thing is true of changes in time as well as of changes in space. The genetic ancestors of May, 1942, business men were 17th century Puritan divines who believed in theocracy, drank deep, outlived many wives and burned witches to the glory of God. Those ancestors wanted different things because they had learned different values. Racial biology does not explain.

We need not, at the moment, care whether or not our witch-burning ancestors lived a happy or an unhappy life. The adequacy of their culture is more a historical than a scientific problem. Nor am I pronouncing any judgment as to the "success" of our own present pattern. But the sketchy formula we are seeking can be applied to the vaguely known past as well as to the projected future. Puritan culture taught its human hearers, the persons of its exemplary group, to desire certain values. Did it offer enough chances to achieve those values? The culture of modern America teaches persons who live in it and by it to want material power. Does it offer

(*Continued on page* 19)

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The War Annihilates the Left Intellectual

QUINCY HOWE

Peter F. Drucker "is a die-hard dualist."

NOWHERE has the Second World War accounted for more casualties than among the ranks of American liberals and radicals. Like other war victims, many of our liberals and radicals bit the dust years ago. Some of them even yet display some superficial signs of life. But the war is rapidly laying them low and presently their fate will be evident even to themselves.

Look back over the history of the past twenty-five years. Recall the prophecies, the exhortations, the analyses that came—and still come—from our intellectual left. If all our liberals and radicals did not misjudge every major event of the past quarter century, each one of them has more than once signed his own warrant of intellectual incompetence. Those who did not believe in the League of Nations had faith in the Utopia of the Soviet Union. Those who lost faith in Stalin pinned their hopes on Trotzky, only to plump eventually for a reformed capitalism. The Socialists looked for salvation from Germany and Austria. Those who suspected that the Hitler regime would not go bankrupt in six months or succumb to revolution, told us that Nazi-ism was capitalism with the gloves off. Most liberals who supported the last war proclaimed their disillusionment with all wars, only to shift their ground again and endorse this one. Those who doubted the efficacy of collective security championed isolation. If I name no names it is because the list would fill the page—my own occupying an obscure place among them.

NOBODY on the intellectual left in America—and almost all American intellectuals have identified themselves one way or another with the left—has delivered the goods, even in his own terms. For the intellectual left in America has set out, primarily, to do a practical, pragmatic job. Agnostic in their religion, independent in their politics, subjective in their personal morals, our intellectuals have addressed themselves primarily to analyzing and forecasting events and trends in the real world. If they supported the Loyalist cause in Spain, almost to a man, it was as much because they believed the Loyalists *would* win as that they *should* win. And so on, back and forth down the line, from the period of the League of Nations to the pre-Munich craze for collective security.

Although Peter Drucker's new book* does not set out primarily to discredit the American left-intellectual, "The Future of Industrial Man," like its predecessor, "The End of Economic Man," proceeds from a point of departure that nearly all of our intellectuals have completely ignored—to their own undoing. Mr. Drucker's "conservative approach" is not the approach of the die-hard reactionary which so many Americans regard as the only alternative to their own smug faith in progress and their own wisdom. Mr. Drucker has not only read his Marx more faithfully than many leftists; he knows his European and American history, his modern finance and power politics.

The modern liberal, says Mr. Drucker, must either abandon his devotion to reason or wind up as a totalitarian who lacks the understanding to conquer the totalitarianism of Hitler. For if propaganda and education are decisive, if the liberal really does possess more good sense and good will than anyone else—a proposition from which no good liberal can honestly differ—if the majority is always right, then the liberal with majority support should entrench himself permanently in power. Against this proposition, Mr. Drucker sets his concept of freedom and his version of the Conservative Counter-Revolution. Mr. Drucker is a die-hard dualist. He regards man as forever imperfect, but forever perfectible. Freedom means the right of responsible experiment. It's not enough just to be free to experiment; that way lies anarchy. But responsibility can go too far too; that way lies totalitarianism. Mr. Drucker's models are our Founding Fathers whose system of checks and balances distributed political power between the states and the Federal government, instituted the right of the judiciary to review the acts of the legislature, and left economic power largely in private hands. Not only did the Founding Fathers establish the ideal conditions for a mercantile society in which economic man finally came into his own. The Founding Fathers knew how to preserve freedom in the mercantile age by setting up a counter-revolution against the totalitarian French Revolution.

OUR problem today is to apply the wisdom of the Founding Fathers to a different situation. The mercantile age has ended. Industrial man is the man of tomorrow. We can no more turn the hands of the clock back to nineteenth century free trade than the Founding Fathers could restore feudalism. Hitler and Stalin both have attempted revolutionary solutions of our industrial crisis. Both have failed. But our liberals and radicals may establish a totalitarianism of their own if they forget the nature of freedom.

This does not begin to do justice to the variety of ideas that Mr. Drucker sets forth. It may, however, indicate some of the lessons that he has to teach our liberals and radicals. The words freedom and democracy fill the air these days. Those who use them and those who hear them seldom pause to recall that freedom means responsibility; that democracy means minority rights as well as majority rule. Most of us fatalistically accept as a fact the certainty of increased centralized federal power. Perhaps we are completely off base, and decentralization will be the order of the day. The world has had a heavy dose of authority all right. Again, may I plead

*THE FUTURE OF INDUSTRIAL MAN. A CONSERVATIVE APPROACH. By Peter F. Drucker. New York: The John Day Company. 1942. 298 pp. $2.50.

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to having laid myself as wide open to Mr. Drucker's strictures as anybody.

Mr. Drucker warns against the apostles of inevitability and the "either-or" boys. A mind as fertile as his spouts too many ideas for him ever to be able to narrow down his vision of the future to a choice between only two possibilities. But the very fertility of his mind, the ease with which he can generalize has its dangers. They are not the dangers of intolerance, of ignorance, of smugness, of complacency into which intellectuals of the left frequently fall. And for avoiding those dangers Mr. Drucker deserves thanks and praise. More important, however, Mr. Drucker has made an honest and original attempt to think out some of the basic problems of our time. I can think of only two recent books that have even attempted the same task—E. H. Carr's "Conditions of Peace" and James Burnham's "Managerial Revolution"—and Mr. Burnham is one of Mr. Drucker's few specific and horrible examples of the radical mind in action.

In spite of the title and because of his modest approach, Mr. Drucker says even less than our "plannérs" about the future. But he says that less in far, far fewer words than our planners use. Moreover, all that he claims to offer—in his subtitle—is an "approach" and that approach leads him to conclude that our industrial plant "must give social status to its members"; industry must be reorganized "on the basis of local and decentralized self-government." The works councils that are playing a growing part in British industry probably come nearer to embodying Mr. Drucker's ideal than anything on the horizon. And Britain's enlightened conservatives are doing more than the Labor Party bureaucrats or the Labor Party theorists to develop these works councils. Many leftists will raise the old cry of Fascism; in like manner, certain Jeffersonians raised the cry of monarchism against George Washington. Not that the Jeffersonians misjudged the future. They saw the possibilities of our Western expansion as clearly as Hamilton foresaw our industrialization. Nobody has a monopoly on wisdom. It is the rarest of qualities and what little we have is thinly spread. Whether Mr. Drucker has more or less than most the future will show. But he has a tolerant, inquiring spirit that is rare and valuable, a spirit that our liberals and radicals can well afford to acquire. They may spurn the letter of Mr. Drucker's book, but what better have they to show, over the years?

Quincy Howe, whose latest book is "The News and How to Understand It," is at present news analyst for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

The First Front of the Wa

Bernard Brodie, Diagnostician

A LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO NAVAL STRATEGY. By Bernard Brodie. Princeton University Press. 1942. 291 *pp., with maps, diagrams and index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL SCHUBERT

IN time of crisis there is never lack of voices advocating specific cure-alls. At such times the voice of the quack is loud, and so is that of the mystic. The competent diagnostician seldom stands upon a barrel-head, screaming his remedy—yet it is competence that pulls us through in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand.

The late "Depression" brought us the Technocrats and made us a gift of Dr. Townsend. Thousands of the "depressed" eagerly adopted the view that Thirty Dollars Every Thursday would dose the world back to health. The current war has brought us Major de Seversky with "land-based aircraft" as his nostrum—the Major is one of many who are unable to conceal their passionate faith in simple specifics.

Fortunately, the world is also blessed with competent diagnosticians, able to view its ills with objective and analytical scrutiny, able to apply the lessons of the past as well as the novelty of the moment and the experimental hope of the future.

Mr. Bernard Brodie is such a diagnostician, and his valuable "A Layman's Guide to Naval Strategy" is a sound and well reasoned study of the place of sea power in the war year 1942. One chapter of the book has been published as an article (after condensation and editing) as an answer to the "arguments" of the Nothing-But-Air-Power school.

(Condensation and editing, by the way, improved that particular chapter alike in readability and in the communication of its ideas. Since the book is addressed to the layman, it's a bit of a pity that it wasn't more sharply edited in its entirety—given just a bit more flow and "punch." As it stands it is on the professorial side; all the ideas are there, but their presentation is sometimes rather heavy.)

—*From the book*

Far Eastern Theater of War

Mr. Brodie knows the tools of naval warfare; he is the author of the excellent "Sea Power in the Machine Age," which treats of the evolution of machine navies. His sound engineering viewpoint enables him to evaluate all naval weapons, including the aircraft, in terms of performance rather than emotion, and his illustration of the capabilities and limitations of the various types of ships and planes, and the way they fit into modern strategy and tactics, is especially interesting and useful at this moment.

Modern naval war is new. As it stands in 1942, the Navy—made up of gun-fighting ships, of aircraft-carriers using aircraft as their weapons, of torpedo-fighting ships, of aircraft operating from land, of seaplanes operating from seaplane bases—is a heterogeneous collection of units, swiftly evolved and newly matured. As a fighting team, it borrows from the wealth of military-naval precedent and tradition. As a fighting machine, it obeys laws which are only just beginning to be understood. Lack of data has long made it difficult to draw sound conclusions. Machine navies have fought but few actions during the century of their evolution, and those few have given rise, from time to time, to false deductions which then had to be unlearned before sound thinking could go ahead again.

But the present war is contributing a rush of new and important material to the store of facts. Mr. Brodie has digested this material, added it to the lessons of the past, and known how to fit both into the structure of naval warfare and naval anatomy. His book is welcome and will be most useful; it belongs on the shelves of all libraries, and should be read by all people trying to understand what is going on in these turbulent times. My hope is that the author will edit the book further, keep it alive by the addition of new material as the war develops, and ultimately convert it into an authoritative and simple Manual of Naval Strategy—for this book is as useful to the professional mariner as it is to the layman.

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Battle of the Blueprints

Murray Harris, Logistician

LIFE LINES OF VICTORY. By Squadron Leader Murray Harris. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 160 *pp., with index.* $2.

Reviewed by R. STRAUSZ-HUPÉ

GENERALS are prone to refighting their lost battles in lengthy memoirs and to showing—with the lucidity of hindsight—how these battles could have been won *if* some one else had done his duty. General Ludendorff, operating on this principle, turned author and placed the responsibility for his colossal failure firmly upon other shoulders. From the last volume of his memoirs it appears that the biggest culprit was not the General himself or the German Army or the All-Highest but the German transportation system. Late in 1918, Ludendorff relates, he advised the Supreme War Council that the German railways were about to collapse under the weight of the military traffic. This fact, the General admits, influenced the resolution of the High Command to call the war off and to leave the constituted authorities to wrestle with the petty details of making peace.

Squadron Leader Harris's "Life Lines of Victory" presents this war's first and highly successful attempt at analyzing the problems of communication facing the belligerents. It is a terse exposé of high strategy anchored in the study of the most exacting branch of military science: logistics. The author practised his trade as communication expert for two years under General Wavell in the Middle East. His factual information is—after the avalanche of quickies hastily published by our correspondent-strategists—refreshingly solid. What the author, who draws on heretofore untapped sources, feels free to impart to the reader does not tell the whole story, but this absorbing book will serve as an indispensable aid to the understanding of the staggering problems of inter-continental warfare.

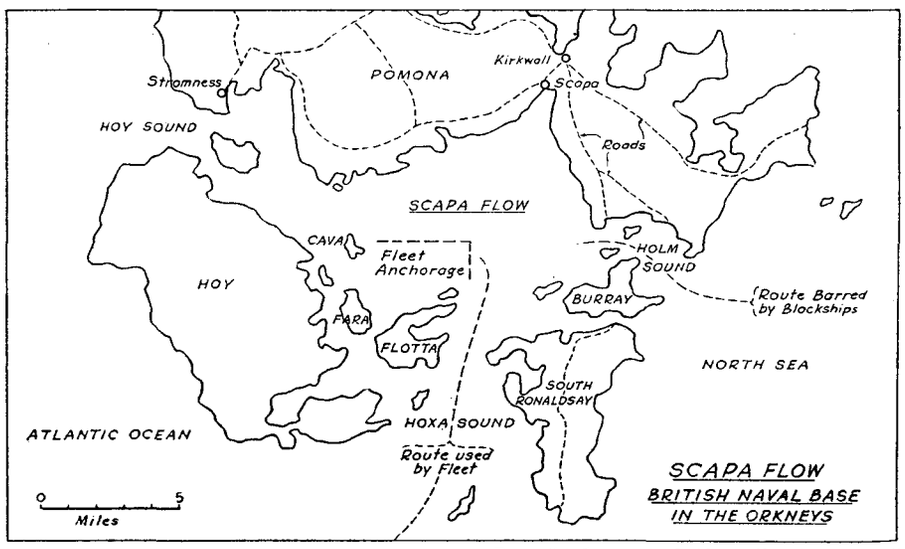
The Art of Bullfighting—Tauromachia—Harris writes, is based on principles identical to those of the Art of Warfare. The strength of the bull is greater than that of all the fighters assembled at the arena. Patience, skill, and mobility whittle down the tremendous force of the beast; the lunge of the matador climaxes a shrewd game of feints, parries, and thrusts—a perfect application of the principle of the economy of force. The true masters of the art of warfare are the great "delayers," as, for example, Fabius Cunctator whose reluctance to give battle saved Rome, and Marshall Kutusov who out-manoeuvered Napoleon in Russia. In the simple juxtaposition of "offensive" and "defensive" Harris sees an idle quibble over words. In actual operations the division is never as neat. An offensive—no matter how generously implemented by manpower and technical gadgets—serves a strategic purpose only if a strategic point in the world's geography is gained and held. The strategist must seek to cut the enemy's life lines, destroy his bases of supply, and offer battle only for this, and no other, purpose. This, for example, is the objective of the United Nations' air offensive against Germany; this also is the intent of the Germans advancing athwart Russia's pathways to the riches of the Caucasus and the ports of the Caspian and the Persian Gulf. An "offensive" of insufficient weight to sever the enemy's supply lines and deprive him of his bases is no offensive at all but a dangerous waste of one's own forces. This, in brief, is Harris's theory of communications.

This war, as Mr. Wendell Willkie put it, is "primarily a war of transportation." "Production" and "Offensive" are no short cuts to victory. Harris describes with encyclopedic thoroughness the geography of strategic communications: ocean routes, rickety railways in Central Asia, brilliantly improvised air routes, and mountain trails across the Taurus and the Hindukush euphemistically called roads. For each he notes carrying capacity, equipment, and loading facilities at transfer points. A complete mastery of the material permits him to write with ease. Harris, a scholar soldier, has traveled extensively and studied his military geography on the spot. His exposé of strategic realities is set against the broader background of military history throughout the ages.

For all its emphasis on the primacy of communications in war, "Life Lines of Victory" is not a brief for passivity. Harris—like Colonel Kernan and Major de Seversky—forcefully submits that sitting still and the piling up of war material alone are not going to win the war. Like the former, he asserts that the Axis's weakest flank can be turned in Italy and suggests a concentrated effort for gaining the control of the Mediterranean; like the latter, he believes that massive air raids against Germany's nerve centers are the best means for wearing down the strength of the German bull. But his sure estimates of *all the factors* is the best antidote to the strategic patent medicines which now flood the literary market. The author's keen sense for the practical limitations of all strategic scheming happily guards him against offering us another sure-fire formula for easy victory.

Harris avers that he writes for the lay public only; the experts will do well to ignore this modest reservation.

I was able to find only one fault with this useful book: Murray Harris, who is billed by his publishers as the British Air Marshal's brother and whose own work is his best introduction, subordinates his intimate knowledge of the Near East to the thesis of his book. This thesis he has put forward admirably: "strategy is the study of communication." Harris now owes us a book on the Middle East. Until he gets around to writing it, his "Life Lines of Victory," a real contribution to our thinking on war, stands to his lasting credit.



—*From "A Layman's Guide to Naval Strategy."*

The naval base at Scapa Flow

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The Art of Anna Seghers

THE SEVENTH CROSS. By Anna Seghers. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1942. 338 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

A GENERAL feeling of doubt has lately been growing as to whether contemporary fiction writing could hope to live up to the realities of contemporary history. Here, at last, is a book which is to give indisputable proof that fiction writing can, and does, stand the test. Anna Seghers, well-known for her distinguished work in pre-Hitler Germany, has written a great novel. In this reviewer's opinion, it is not only the most important contribution to world literature made, so far, by any exiled German author, but also one of the most remarkable books to come out of these times of chaos and mortal danger.

The story is already almost dated. There is still "peace" in Germany. Seven prisoners escape from Westhofen concentration camp. Within less than a week, five are recaptured, and one of them, an old farmer, dies on his way back home. The seventh, one George Heisler, finally manages to board a Dutch river boat.

He is by no means an exceptional or even an all too sympathetic fellow. But his undeniable shortcomings make him all the more human. The report on the eight or ten days of his desperate flight and the bestial man-hunt unfolds as credible a panorama of life and misery in Nazi Germany as has ever been presented. There are no "idealistic" university teachers around, no sentimental *Wehrmacht* officers, no disguised aristocrats, hardly a persecuted Jew, and just a scant trace of semi-organized underground work. Anna Seghers's men and women are plain people: workers and peasants who try to accommodate themselves to the perils of a lawless world. They live and toil, they make love and chatter, and, in the midst of their distress, they don't stop worrying about the same trifles little people all over the world worry about. They all are more or less half-hearted—neither heroes nor cowards. They are utterly human.

That undersized freckled chap Paul Roeder who, at the end, dares to shelter the fugitive and to pass him on to his rescuers is basically not much different from those who shrink back or fail. Actually, he can't help enjoying some of the Führer's "blessings." "I tell you," he says in speaking of the Social Welfare and the notorious Strength-through-Joy-trips, "never before in all history has anything like it been tried." Returning from a night of questioning at Gestapo headquarters, he carries in his hand a paper bag of rolls he has bought on his way home; for it is Sunday, and such is his Sunday habit. Whoever lived through the experience of life under a totalitarian régime himself will realize the deep veracity and the beauty of such details.

There are thousands of them, and by them we unawares learn to know the many people who, in one way or another, have something to do with George Heisler's cruel predicament. Anna Seghers even succeeds in humanizing the Gestapo monsters—hard as it is to use the term. But they, too, are part of the German folk. As sons, as lovers, as neighbors, these informers and S.A. and S.S. murderers sit at every family's table. And without any bias, the youngsters look up to them —those pathetic German kids who are "like the fabled children nurtered by animals who finally tore their own mother to pieces." As the natural place to live in they have accepted the only

—From "The New Order," by Arthur Szyk.
Flower of Civilization

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

IN THE BEGINNING . . .

This week's quiz is the contribution of Mr. John D. McMaster, of New York City, who asks you to identify some well-known literary works from their opening words which are quoted below. Six correct is par, seven is good, and eight or better is excellent. Answers are on page 21.

1. The bishop was feeling rather sea-sick. Confoundedly sea-sick, in fact . . .

2. I wish either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot me . . .

3. Though it is easier, and perhaps far better, not to begin at all, yet if a beginning is made it is there that most care is needed. Everything is inherent in the genesis . . .

4. In the castle of Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh in Westphalia there lived a youth endowed by nature with the most gentle character. His face was the expression of his soul . . .

5. One thing was certain, that the white kitten had had nothing to do with it—it was the black kitten's fault entirely . . .

6. In the late summer of that year we lived in a house in a village that looked across the river and the plain to the mountains . . .

7. Blessed be God, at the end of the last year I was in very good health, without any sense of my old pain, but upon taking of cold. I lived in Axe Yard, having my wife and servant Jane, and no other in the family than us three . . .

8. The day broke gray and dull. The clouds hung heavily, and there was rawness in the air that suggested snow. A woman servant came into a room in which a child was sleeping and drew the curtains . . .

9. Wonderful or supernatural events are not so uncommon, rather they are irregular in their incidence. Thus there may not be one marvel to speak of in a century, and then often enough comes a plentiful crop of them; monsters of all sorts swarm suddenly upon the earth, comets blaze in the sky, eclipses frighten nature, meteors fall in rain, while mermaids and sirens beguile, and sea-serpents engulf every passing ship, and terrible cataclysms beset humanity . . .

10. Mr. Utterson, the lawyer, was a man of a rugged countenance that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty, and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary, and yet somehow lovable . . .

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world they have ever known; not for a moment would they hesitate to turn over to his torturers a "criminal" like George Heisler. "A no-man's-land was to be established between the generations," the author makes a camp inmate say in one of the very few passages of direct approach. "If we fight and fall, and another takes up the flag and fights and falls, and the next one grasps it and he too falls—that is natural . . . But what if there is no longer anyone to take up the flag, simply because he does not know its meaning?"

And yet, "The Seventh Cross" is neither a fatalistic nor an altogether pessimistic book. Anna Seghers's all but religious belief in the hidden tenacity of man and her unshaken faith in man's basic loyalty to his kind permeate every single line. They don't speak up, these men and women of hers, and certainly not in terms of politics—although most of them, so we are to guess, once belonged to one of the leftist parties. But in spite of all their human inertia they all sense, in the depth of their subconsciousness, what the camp martyrs have come to know clearly: "All of us felt how ruthlessly and fearfully powers could strike to the very core of man, but at the same time we felt that at the very core there was something that was unassailable and inviolable."

How Anna Seghers succeeds in keeping up the moral equilibrium in front of a warped and slowly rotting nation, and in producing, without any intricate intrigues or "surprises," a coercive tension—this remains her creative secret. Nowhere does the fabric show its threads. Nowhere does the author's emotion get the better of her. Her heart is beating in the living hearts of her characters. It is a great novel. In both the dense solidity of the narrative and the figures' inescapable consistency, it has rarely been surpassed since Stendhal's "Le Rouge et le Noir,"

A $1,000.00 War Poetry Contest, open to all members of the armed forces of the United States of America, is announced by A. S. Barnes and Co. Inaugurated to stimulate the publication of war poetry—poems expressing the ideals of our country and allied nations in this world conflict, and human poems expressing the feelings of the individual in whatever branch he serves, the winning contributions will be collected in a book. Poems may be simple lyrics, or ballads of camp life or action at the battle fronts. The judges will place less emphasis on technique than on the spirit and freshness of the poem. Contributors areurged to avoid phrases and slogans that have become over-used since the war began.

The Pegler Phenomenon

GEORGE SPELVIN AMERICAN, AND FIRESIDE CHATS. By Westbrook Pegler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 195 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN

IT is difficult to write about Westbrook Pegler without being as unfair, as intolerant, and as rambunctious as he is. One is tempted to try to imitate his epithets, which would not be easy, and to emulate his intellectual morals, which would be nothing short of scandalous. Perhaps I should yield to the temptation of paying him as nearly as I could in his own bright but dubious currency. I am restrained only by the fact that I have a qualified admiration for his style, vigorous often to the point of unconscious burlesque. And I cannot deny that Mr. Pegler has an ear for the dialogue of what he thinks is the man in the street—really the man in the golf club locker room or the bar of resort hotels. In his Mr. George Spelvin and Mrs. George Spelvin he has created believable myths. Through them he has uttered with fidelity the prejudices, the limitations, the he-mannish and she-womanish snobberies of the well-heeled commuters who to Mr. Pegler's mind retain all the virtues of the homely backswoodsmen and all the liberty-loving enterprise of the frontier.

Mr. Pegler's syndicated popularity—these collected pieces are, one presumes, an anthology of his best pieces or what he holds to be such—is not hard to understand. He has kept the flair of the gifted sports writer he once was, and, in a two fisted, pulling-no punches, hairy-chested, pastiche-Hemingway fashion, lashes out at everything he thinks wicked in the world. Preëminent among such evils are the Roosevelt family and all their works and days, all labor leaders, all intellectuals, poets, and radicals. To read Mr. Pegler you would think there was something prima facie hypocritical about having a mind and something criminal about using it. Words of more than five letters seem to Mr. Pegler almost as suspicious as words of four letters which, by the way, seems, as far as one can make out, from his essay on the subject, to constitute Steinbeck's whole contribution to modern literature. "Intellectual" seem to be for Mr. Pegler a synonym for a life compounded of silliness and foreign rascality. I suspect Mr. Pegler would not have been much impressed by Socrates's "Apology" for his life. Mr. Pegler is busy these days passing

Westbrook Pegler

out hemlock to anyone trying to lead anything like a Socratic life.

Of course in Mr. Pegler's well known and well twisted ideology—sorry, in his log cabin noodle, any radical is by definition filthy. The reader may think I am exaggerating, that even Mr. Pegler would be "fair enough" to recognize that a man might have ideas quite revolutionary and be physically quite clean and in manners quite decent. But Mr. Pegler pulls no punches, even when they are below the belt. In a profound meditation called "Radicalism and Hygiene" our Hegel in homespun opines:

> Probably it is not so much the radical ideas but offensive personalities and on warm days an odor as of something not quite fresh, which have made most Americans suspicious of radicalism. There is also a deterrent in the apparent though not quite real requirement that to sympathize with radical ideas one must give up hygiene, become personally filthy and, as between husband and wife each agree that the other may jump the fence whenever he or she is troubled by a dream.

Neat, what? Radicalism and psychoanalysis and divorce all impaled on one paragraph. Mr. Pegler doesn't have a good memory, though (probably too intellectual a habit). He can't remember that on an earlier page he had practically made Mrs. Roosevelt out a communist and yet I am sure he knows she is not divorced and is quite hygienic.

Mr. Pegler is equal death on "high class thinkers," on people who spend weeks, as he puts it, on one neat little job of ratiocination, on people who

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use five or six-letter words when they are not using those exclusively of four. And he is withering in his scorn of poets. He writes that

> I owe it to myself to show something of my esthetic nature, but as a preliminary would like to explain that poetry is a great fake, at once the most pretentious and least respectable method of literary expression . . . You start with no idea, and write in all directions from a point some distance off center and your work can ask no higher praise than the verdict that it doesn't seem to mean anything.

One can just see the permanent adolescents around the bar, the Philistines of fifty, lapping that one up along with the fifth Scotch and soda. They knew back in college that poetry was rot, and here is a A FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR A YEAR WRITER WHO SAYS SO TOO.

Mr. Pegler would, perhaps, not be so deplorable an enemy of civilization in this country if it were only liberals, intellectuals, and poets he inveighs against. Mind has survived barbarians before this. But sneaking through his philippics, while we are in the midst of a global war, come sneers at everyone who takes seriously the thought that the world is now, for better or worse, one; who regards "foreign" problems as in a very real sense American problems, and who dares to think of the war in terms of an eventual world order that will make war again impossible. Because some radicals do not wear clean linen, because Mr. Pegler cannot understand poets and philosophers, because some labor leaders are criminals, Mr. Pegler sets out to indict the whole of intellectual, of liberal radical opinion, of poetry and philosophy. He has become the animated defense-mechanism of all the sleazy little prejudices of the Philistine and the reactionary. And all, mind you, in the name of simple downright honesty and of the great "American" tradition. It's a pity, for in his hurly burly way, Pegler can write. As he himself puts it, about something else than his own methods: "The ball-bat and tire iron, the meat book and the brick are effective weapons for organization, but they do not appeal to reason." Stet!

The Name's the Thing

WHAT'S YOUR NAME? By Louis Adamic. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 245 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

LOUIS ADAMIC has made another fine contribution to American understanding of one of our greatest human problems—the adjustment to our national life of the immigrants and their children who have other backgrounds than the Anglo-Saxon. Never was there a better time to bring this book out than now, when so many Americans are revising their opinions as to Russians, Serbs, and Greeks and numerous other foreigners; when the presence of unnaturalized representatives of the enemy countries among us, with the threat of Fifth Column activities, has produced a far more serious situation than that which we faced during the first World War. This volume of Mr. Adamic's deals, however, not with these war difficulties, but with the grave social and psychological problems faced by millions whose names are difficult for the American tongue, and too often unpronounceable.

It will be a great surprise to most Americans to learn from this most worthwhile book that their names often profoundly affect the spiritual happiness, the welfare, the solidarity, and the moral health of thousands upon thousands of our people, and not merely naturalized Americans, but also their children born upon American soil. Names are changed so often in America that many persons are inclined to berate the holder of a Slavonic patronym for not Anglicizing it for convenience sake, while denouncing Jews in the same breath for changing their name upon the assumption that they do so not to get a more euphonious one, but to hide their racial identity. Ordinarily the average person thinks the way out is just to take on a new name—any old name—as long as it is short and familiar. It is a new life for the new citizen in a new country and the English language dominates here, so why not a new name? These foreigners are not candidates for the D.A.R. or the S.A.R., so what difference would it make? Yet when the foreigner does choose a new-old name, such as Adams or Roosevelt, or Cabot or Lowell, the welkin rings with protests.

The American simply cannot understand why a man called Adamciewicsz wants to keep his name in the navy, or why the numerous Krzyzanowskis want to hold on to that impossible designation in the army, even if one of their ancestors was one of our distinguished Civil War generals. In civil life, too, a patronym like those is bound to be butchered by everybody who uses it. Mr. Adamic makes it clear why the owners of those names hold to them in most cases as tenaciously as those with historic English names and a Mayflower ancestry. He lays before us the whole bitter tragedy which arises when the foreign-born find their names not only social stumbling-blocks, but actually grave handicaps in the fight for bread and butter; when parents are heartbroken because the children abandon their names, however honorable, in their effort to cut the tie with the racial groups with which their families belong in order to escape being called "wops" or "dagoes" and classified as less than Americans. This reviewer must confess that, although he knew in general of this problem, Mr. Adamic has brought it home to him in a most poignant way and left it to haunt him for a long time to come.

Mr. Adamic does not try to give the solution. That is not possible for anyone, so much depends upon individual feelings and temperament, upon customs, traditions, and loyalties. He explains why in his own case he has slightly and sensibly altered his own name and been charged with cowardice, disloyalty, and toadying for doing so. He gives all sides of the case and not merely his own interpretations. One thing that makes this book so readable, and at times exciting and pathetic, is that he tells story after story in the words of those who have written or related their experiences to him. Here we have the conflict that so often results within those who have changed their names yet in doing so have forfeited inward peace and content, who are tortured by their consciences because they have turned their backs on their tribal connections and in a sense disowned their parents. One of the most moving of these narratives is that of a college teacher whose father was a simple miner hardly able to talk English. Both the teacher and his wife had changed their names; both were aware of it, yet never discussed it. The story of how their little child really brought them together, ended their spiritual estrangement, and made them go to a new environment and live with the funny, odd grandfather she adored, ought to be put upon the stage. Indeed, there is so much drama in all these stories that Mr. Adamic ought to turn to the screen as well as the stage to reach vast audiences.

This volume is the third in Mr. Adamic's series on the problem of the foreign-born. It is to be hoped that he will produce a volume a year for at least a decade to come. This reviewer has written before that Mr. Adamic is equalled by few in his important contributions to the strengthening of our national life.

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Personality Pageant

VAN LOON'S LIVES. By Hendrik Willem van Loon. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1942. 883 *pp.* $3.95.

Reviewed by PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

THERE are not many in our day and generation who still dare to speak of the European Spirit. For what is there left of Europe but ruins, and of its spirit, but a pious memory? The Continent has been torn asunder. It lies prostrate, bleeding in agony, while a quasi-almighty, demoniacal apparatus of violence has uprooted all the norms of justice and is busy smothering the last remaining vestiges of European morality. It is for this reason that in the dark hour through which mankind passes this new and brilliant work of Hendrik Willem van Loon is not only a book of actuality in the full sense of the word, conceived as it is in a conscious and thoughtful comprehension of events of the last few decades and of their world-historical significance, but that its composition must be said to constitute an act of high moral courage on the author's part.

This book brings back reason and hope, because it holds up the banner of idealism. For Dr. van Loon is in this way not unlike his illustrious fellow-Rotterdammer, Desiderius Erasmus, who comes to life in these pages in a most delightful, prankish, and a wholly Erasmian *modo animoque,* in that he not only calls for a renaissance of art and letters, but for the rebirth of man and of society. Politics, morality, and religion—everything Dr. van Loon touches he wants to and he seeks to humanize. Essentially this book is therefore a serious call to a more human and a more humane approach to the problems of life, individual, national, and international. And it is a source of gratitude, not unmixed with a certain pride, to this reviewer that this call should come from a son of that Holland which once before led the way in reformation and renascence. In Nieuw Veere the lamps have not gone out. They burn with a new and pure intensity.

—From the book, "Lives of Van Loon."

Dr. van Loon shows himself "le clerc qui n'a pas trahi" in that, in writing this book, he has felt it a duty to help form the spiritual soldiers of the era that stands before the door by asking his American contemporaries the very pertinent question whether it is realized, not only what treasures of scholastic knowledge, but how much of the sustaining and nourishing wisdom of life, how much of those values we call truth, justice, morality, art, philosophy, and religion we stand to lose in the apocalyptic upheaval into which mankind has been plunged by the latest and direct outburst of the Teutonic fury.

For it is not only Hitler and his cohorts who are trampling and destroying the cultural heritage of Europe; everywhere in the world the spirit of violence has been unleashed and is on the rampage. All such words and conceptions as spirit, culture, wisdom, and God, which are permeated with a breath of eternity, are more and more vociferously, also in our midst, dismissed as non-applicable and of no interest to modern life. They are said to have lost their usefulness as guiding principles. The Christian era itself is declared to be declining towards a melancholy end while for humanism and idealism the only fit place is said to be the ashcan of history.

"Van Loon's Lives" renders the immense service in an age when the machine has been set up in the marketplace as the supreme idol of asking unambiguously whether we know what is at stake besides spheres of influence, vital space, monopolies, and colonies.

The device Dr. van Loon has employed to introduce his men and their ideas is unique in its novelty. Voltaire, Confucius, Beethoven, Napoleon, and many others return from the realm of shades in person to be entertained at dinner in the author's old house in Veere. By this prodigious yet simple tour of the imagination, Dr. van Loon succeeds in translating his own vast historical erudition and knowledge of the world into pictures

Hendrik Willem van Loon

of everyday life and of human relationships that bring the giants so close to the reader that he has the enchanting impression of meeting a friend.

Only here and there—and this must also be said—the haughty intolerance of the so-called liberal milieus in Holland, from which the author stems, comes back to the surface as an old unregenerate Adam, as for instance in his sneering references to Calvinism and Calvinists. One need only recall the broad unfoldment of science, literature, commerce, industry, and colonization in lands where Calvin's doctrines found acceptance and the immense start and lead they gained over Lutheran and Catholic countries, to realize that there never was such a thing as a Calvinist Ice Age.

Under the leadership of their consistories the Calvinists of Holland, France, and Geneva and later the Non-Conformists in Britain waged a bitter and hard struggle, not unmixed, it is true, with components of a political, economic, and social nature and also the personal influence of certain personalities like William of Orange, which pushed far beyond the limits of the religious Reformation. And it is those Calvinist burghers, we may well add, the "kleine luyden" of Holland on whom rests today the hope for the country's liberation. For they alone, where others lack the spirit and élan for a fight, will not now, nor ever, hear of a compromise.

Even so, as a mood Dr. van Loon's book is of great value. It creates a way of feeling and a way of thinking. Thanks to an expression of grief, pity and disgust, it presents an ethical variety. It imparts to the reader a certain cynical tolerance and a certain restfulness amid the storm and stress of the times.

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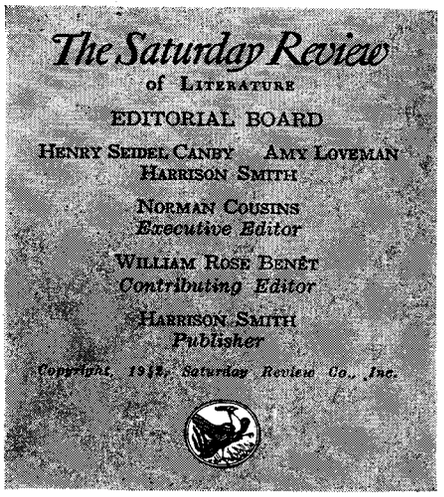

SPEECHES-AS-USUAL

THE other night we were discussing with a newspaper editor the complaint that too much of the news these days seems misleading, confusing, contradictory. It was more than a matter of the public being overwhelmed with the enormity of the day-by-day story of a churning world; it involved the way in which that story is presented and interpreted for public scrutiny and understanding. This in substance and effect was our editor-friend's comment:

They say the press itself is chiefly to blame. Maybe so, but I doubt it. I am not saying that our newspapers have a clean bill of health; in fact, there are some pretty far-reaching inadequacies in our reporting of the war. But there is one side of the story I think most people seem to overlook—the news sources themselves. Say what you will about misleading headlines as a source of public confusion, the basic reality is that most of the stories running under these headlines are authentically reported. Right here we have to make a distinction between stories that are authenticated as far as basic facts are concerned, and stories that are as authentic as far as the actual reporting is concerned. A public official may issue a statement about our rubber supply, and the papers may quote him accurately, but it may be that the statement itself may be inaccurate or only partially accurate, or incomplete, or inconsistent, or misleading, or confusing.

Take, for example, the question concerning the necessity to draft married men. In the last three months I have counted no fewer than sixteen news articles, all of them given prominence, telling married men what to anticipate in the way of the draft. You will recall that the stories were so contradictory—one day a selective service official saying there was little likelihood of any call at all, and the next day someone giving the impression that it was only a matter of hours before family men would be in uniform—that Washington was finally forced to issue what seemed to be a definitive statement, listing about seven categories as the order of call.

I thought that settled it. But I was wrong. Once again speeches were made, with each official giving his own idea of the matter. In the last week alone, there have been three supposedly official stories telling the married man what to expect, and if the married man has a clear picture of his country's need in manpower as it affects him, I should be very much surprised. Basically, of course, the officials are only guessing, because if the war goes well, those on the bottom of the list in the order of call may never be in uniform, and if the war goes badly, we may all of us be in uniform. But how many of our officials have told us this?

Don't think this applies only to the draft. Much the same holds true of public speeches and statements on production, on the comparative fighting ability of our planes, on the prospects for a victory early or late—on, in fact, almost everything relating to the very practical business of running a war.

Now the interesting thing about most of these statements is their well-intentioned and harmless origin. I have been checking on the stories that involve conflicting facts or opinions and I have discovered—though discovery is a bad word for it since it should have been perfectly obvious—I have found that many of them originated in the form of after-dinner speeches or talks at conventions or dedicating ceremonies and the like. Far be it from me to criticize as ancient and beloved an institution in America as the after-dinner speech or its equivalent, but the fact remains that many of our public officials—some of them the very ones who are inveighing against business-as-usual—are unfortunately addicted to the practice of speeches-as-usual. They seem to forget that talking these days involves a great deal more responsibility than before the war; and yet you can count that day lost that hasn't seen some official somewhere at some private function making a public speech and making a mess of it. Last Labor Day it almost seemed as though every train streaming out of Washington was filled with public officials bent for speech-making in the far corners of the land. Everything considered, the wonder is not that so much public confusion exists, but that there is so little.

Speech-making and sounding off are in our blood—as they should be. But we've got to be adult enough to know when and where and how to indulge. War happens to be a time when we've either got to put up or shut up. I think we could do with a little more putting up.

N. C.

Cat, Sleeping

By Eva Byron

BE quiet, mind; lie still; be a cat sleeping in the sun,
A cat asleep in the grass.
Let all things pass
Unheeded; let the field mice run
Through the grain; let the grasshoppers play on the stalks of the plants close by;
Lazily open one eye
On marauding birds in the garden, but do not stir—
Lie still and purr.

All night long the cat has hunted the field mice,
Creeping through shadows on wary and soundless paws;
But the field mice evaded her—even with all her cunning
They were too quick for her claws.

And the birds were not caught:
In the cold half light of the dawning
They saw where she waited, crouching, ready to spring;
Leaving her lashing her tail in a futile fury
The birds took wing—

And she was perforce content with the small grasshoppers,
Too plentiful in the garden, and easy prey—
But even of these, could she conquer a hundred thousand
In a single day?

Oblivious, now, in the grass, in the sunlight, sleeping,
The cat lies curled;
Storing up energy, gathering force for new forays
On the plagues of her world.

Have done for a time, then, mind, with your pouncing and leaping—
Be a cat in the grass, be a cat in the sun, sleeping.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Good Neighbor Literature

SIR:—The recent publication of "Fiesta in November: Stories from Latin America," edited by Angel Flores and Dudley Poore, furnishes the occasion for recommending two books which can also do much to augment an understanding of the Latin American countries and Mexico and Argentina, in particular.

The book about Mexico is the prize winning "El Indio." It was written by Gregorio Lopez y Fuentes, has illustrations by Diego Rivera, and has been described as a combination of strangeness, primitive beauty, poverty, helplessness, and stoic dignity.

The other volume is "Don Segundo Sombra," by Ricardo Guiraldes. This work has been called the great classic of the Argentine. It has much of the charm of W. H. Hudson and the persistent sadness of incompletion as voiced in "My Antonia," by Willa Cather.

BERNARD SOBEL.
New York, N. Y.

Who Wrote This?

SIR:—I've looked long for the poem from which the following line comes. Can you help me?

"The ocean old, centuries old."

NINA B. PAYN.
Milwaukee, Wis.

SRL and the War

SIR:—I should like to add my congratulations to those hundreds that must be coming in to you as a result of your editorial policy since war was declared. You have made the *Saturday Review* one of the indispensable magazines to all of us who are interested in creative work. I know of no other which has so consistently and so brilliantly insisted on the essential value of cultural things and on the importance of the contribution of scholarship to the war effort.

Your editorials have been particularly stirring and articles such as that by Archibald MacLeish—"The Attack on the Scholars World"—are "like the shadow of a mighty rock within a weary land."

EDGAR C. SCHENCK.
Honolulu, Hawaii.

Did Twain Know Whitman?

SIR:—Perhaps some of the readers of *The Saturday Review* could help me determine whether Mark Twain and Walt Whitman ever met. In all his published writings there is just one mention of the poet—the letter printed in Horace Traubel's "Camden's Compliment to Walt Whitman," Philadelphia, 1889. If the two didn't meet, it is all the more surprising because both spent the winter of 1868 in Washington, D. C.—Clemens as private secretary to Senator Bill Stewart of Nevada and Whitman as clerk in the Treasury Department. Exhaustively interviewed while visiting his brother, Thomas Jefferson Whitman, at St. Louis in October, 1879, Whitman gives his opinions of such contemporaries as Josiah G. Holland, Bret Harte, and "fops like Howells" who were "like water dammed up, but they will burst forth some day!" Yet he remains strangely silent about Twain, the author closely associated with the state that he is visiting! It would seem that if the two men did meet, neither considered the encounter worthy of subsequent comment! Nor is there record of either having read the work of the other!

CYRIL CLEMENS.
Mark Twain Society,
Webster Groves, Missouri.

"It's a new mouse-trap. Uses old razor blades."

Channing and Martineau

SIR:—Is that book of Harriet Martineau's, which A. L. recommends as illustrating how to promote friendship between countries, the one of which Channing, good friend of Harriet though he was, wrote:

"The great fault of the book is its presumption; for what warrant has a traveller, under her circumstances, to pass such decisive judgments on such an infinity of matters? And yet I do not know a traveller who is not chargeable with the same fault. I seldom hear the conversation of men or women returned from England without being surprised at the sweeping sentences which they pass on what they could not comprehend."

No doubt Channing felt that a woman who had to obtain her information from and about Americans through the medium of an ear trumpet was hardly competent to convey a correct impression of America to others. There was also the fact that, like some of our modern Harriets, she not only thought that she knew more on every subject under the sun than any other person, but only rarely did she give anybody in her presence the chance to challenge that assumption. ". . . pouring out torrents of words, pausing only occasionally to turn her ear trumpet toward some member of a group and graciously permit him to drop a word or two in its bowl," is the way her "conversations" were described.

Still, Harriet is good fun; one of the most hilarious figures in the history of England. And if we remember that few of her day turned out more words by mouth or pen and that today no word of hers is remembered, those capable of assimilating a thought may find something to ponder on; may even question the value of pre-digested food turned out in such wholesale lots by our own Harriets.

If they go further and recall that the history of her own country, which Harriet set out to write for the enlightenment of the masses, is so untrustworthy because of its prejudicial viewpoint that it is looked at (when viewed at all) only as a curiosity, then they will have food for another thought concerning our modern Harriets.

ELIZABETH EMMETT.
The-Little-White-House-on-the-Hill,
Peace Dale, Rhode Island.

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Modern Miracle

LET Every Reader of *The Saturday Review of Literature* Know that Selden Rodman has achieved a modern miracle in writing a play in verse which John Chamberlain described in the *New York Times* as "history that lives as a play." Chamberlain continues: "The whole play is built on lines that are good drama, good observation, good conversation, before they are good poetry. If they are good poetry, too, that is because rhetoric is better rhetoric when an author's first concern is for reality of content."

This book, *The Revolutionists*, tells the story of the famous Haitian Revolution whose hero was Toussaint L'Ouverture and whose circumstances so neatly parallel the strains of upheaval and dictatorship in modern times.

The book has added beauty and force of interpretation through the stunning drawings of Rudolf C. von Ripper which illustrate each scene. It is a play of moving reality of that rare sort which one reader will want to insist on others sharing.

THE REVOLUTIONISTS by Selden Rodman. Illustrated by Rudolf C. von Ripper. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. $2.75.

The Phoenix Nest

The Flying Irishman

WE have removed our headquarters to Cape Ann for a couple of weeks, but we have brought with us certain agenda. The late Paddy Finucane of the Flying Shamrock was an Irishman of whom not only his own country but the entire world (of the United Nations!) may well be proud. An intrepid flier, he caused the hated Nazis no end of headaches. But he was also, for all his directness and practical leadership, a true poet of the air. Virility consorts with the best poetry, and Paddy Finucane had both. His full name and title was Wing Commander Brendan Finucane, R.A.F., D.S.O., D.F.C. A fellow countryman, though also an American, Byrne Hackett of the Brick Row Book Shop, Inc. of Fifty-Five Fifth Avenue will publish on October first a memoir of "Paddy Finucane" in a limited edition of 225 copies at five dollars net. This will contain four illustrations, the last being a study of Paddy in lithograph signed by James Reynolds who is writing the memoir. Two weeks later will appear an unlimited edition at $1.25. Reynolds's memoir is that of a friend who interprets Finucane in terms of the spirit, rather than the exploits of his Flying Shamrock. Finucane's name will always stand with those of the great and gallant who flew for Freedom, both in the present war and in the last. He can take his place with Guynemer and Bishop, our own Eddie Rickenbacker, with men of the old Lafayette Escadrille and today's R.A.F. He carried on the knighthood of the air.

Tribute to Inez Haynes Irwin

From Gene Boardman Hoover of 10 West 53rd Street, Kansas City, Missouri, comes the following tribute to Inez Haynes Irwin. We give the full address of our correspondent because we know that Mrs. Irwin is very much alive and living in lower New York not far from where we ourselves abide. Mr. Hoover writes:

> Yes, just why aren't the names of Inez Haynes Irwin and James Hopper in "The Oxford Companion to American Literature?" I missed the name of Inez Haynes Irwin, because away back in May, 1925, I read a short story of hers which appeared in the *Kansas City Star*, called "The Spring Flight." It is a delightful bit of fancy of how Shakespeare happened to write "The Tempest." In a foot-note the editor of the *Kansas City Star* explained that "The Spring Flight" won the 1924 "O. Henry" prize as the best short story of that year by an American writer. Harry Payne Burton, editor of *McCall's Magazine* of that year, had this to say of the story:
>
> "I like 'The Spring Flight' because of its fidelity to Shakespeare's life and age; because of the transforming imagination that endows facts with romance and harmonizes them with its own invention in a boldly designed, finely wrought tapestry. Written around a struggle peculiarly difficult, it progresses dramatically to a climax of defeat, a climax of success, and ends with a contagious uplift of spirit."
>
> If Inez Haynes Irwin is alive and sees this letter, I want her to know that I still have that old faded copy of the *Kansas City Star* which contains her charming story. I have loved this story all these years, and mention of the author's name recalls a glorious afternoon almost twenty years ago, when on the wings of imagination I was taken to the Globe theatre in London, sitting with William Shakespeare on a pile of boards while he got his inspiration from the glib talk of two crude carpenters, for "The Tempest."

Which leads us to wonder what other stories that are re-creations of the past; short stories, we mean; other readers of ours may consider masterpieces? We recall one, immediately—if we do not misquote—a story of Alexander Pope by James Branch Cabell, called, as we recollect, "The Brown Woman."

Shopping Expeditions in Verse

Josiah Titzell, of the quaint address, Quantness, Peacable Street, Georgetown, Connecticut, tells us *in re* Martin Armstrong's "Miss Thompson Goes Shopping," from which we quoted recently, and which he first ran across in Sir John Squire's anthology, "Second Selections from Modern Poets" (London: Martin Secker, 1924), that the late Rachel Field, in her book of verse published by Macmillan, called "Fear Is the Thorn," purposely patterned a poem of her own after it, calling it "Shopping Expedition," and imitating even the descriptive introductions to sections as given in the Martin Armstrong poem, her intention being to furnish an American equivalent. Miss Field's shopping expedition set forth from her own Sutton Island (where she loved to spend the summer) to Seal Harbor, Mount Desert, in Maine. Mr. Titzell thinks that Miss Field's poem appeared originally in F.P.A.'s *Conning Tower*, and is fairly sure that it took up the entire column.

Stephen Crane on War

Our friend and neighbor in this periodical, Elizabeth S. Kingsley, has furnished us with a quotation from Steph-

(*Continued on page* 20)

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Copperheads and Defeatists

THE HIDDEN CIVIL WAR. The Story of the Copperheads. By Wood Gray. New York: Viking Press. 1942. 314 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

"DEFEAT, debt, taxation, sepulchres, these are your trophies." This sentence from Congressman Vallandigham's speech in the House just after bloody Fredericksburg prefaced his assertion: "You have not conquered the South; you never will." Vallandigham's demands for peace, obstruction to conscription, and denunciation of efforts to restore the Union were bad enough. Worse still were the activities of disloyalists like the editor of the La Crosse *Democrat,* who even after Lincoln's reëlection wishfully predicted that "a revolution, already rife in the North, will break with bloody fury at no distant day." Worst of all were the men who plotted with Confederate agents, took Southern money to arm the seditious Sons of Liberty, and laid plans for an armed uprising; plans that only Grant's and Sherman's victories in 1864 finally crushed. Americans have been wont to speak of the Copperheads with contempt as well as condemnation. It is useful to be reminded that they, with slackers, the war-weary, and the faint-hearted, were at one time a menace to the nation.

In all our wars we have had traitors and fifth columnists. They lie now during the exuberance of the first rally to the flag and in the sunny days of resounding victories. But when the gloom of defeat comes, they emerge from their holes; and as casualty lists and taxes mount, as pessimism over governmental blunders grows, as party spirit becomes rancorous, they find eager allies. From a thousand corners appear men ready to depress the public morale, obstruct war measures, and fan internal bickerings to a red glow of hate. Dr. Gray, in this admirably thorough work, has given us a history of the interaction of defeatism and sedition of 1861-65 which has appositeness to the present national crises. He shows how easily initial enthusiasm can give way, as the war strain grows, to disgust and disillusionment; how a succession of defeats can breed first weariness and then despair. He shows how easily party and sectional organizations which seem innocent enough in ordinary times can be warped and corrupted until they become instruments of insidious sedition. His book is much more than an account of disloyal men like Vallandigham of Ohio and James C. Robinson of Illinois, of disloyal organizations like the Knights of the Golden Circle and the Sons of Liberty. It is a study of all Civil War morale, especially in the Middle West, and of its relations to half-treason and full treason.

Mr. Gray's final conclusion seems reassuring. "The great majority of the people, often misled and given to alternate excesses of optimism and despair, were in the end willing enough to carry the war through to its close." Quite true. Our democracy was sound and patriotic at the core. It also found admirable State leaders like Oliver P. Morton to support the great national leader. Nevertheless, the alliance of disloyalists and defeatists, of sedition and pacifism, was at several times formidable, and had victory been delayed, it might have produced grave disorders. In wartime especially eternal vigilance is the price of public safety.

—*Photo by Kessler*
Wood Gray

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 443)

W. A. PERCY:
LANTERNS ON THE LEVEE

In any event aristocratic virtues and standards themselves never die completely. . . . General Lee and Senator Lamar would have been at ease, even simpatico, with Pericles, . . . Brutus and Sir Philip Sidney, as Washington was with Lafayette.

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A Voice of Courage

RUINS AND VISIONS: POEMS 1934-1942. By Stephen Spender. New York: Random House. 1942. 138 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

IT is a remarkably apt title that Stephen Spender has found for his new volume, his fifth book of poems. These "Ruins and Visions" are not all new; some of them appeared in "The Still Centre," published in England in 1939. But the ruins are those of the last eight crucial years, and the visions have been reviewed (and often revised) in the light of critical experience. In an era of overwhelming change and violent reappraisal, the poet, says Spender, "can write only about what is true to his own experience, not about what he would like to be true to his experience."

And what is "true"? Spender continues, in a brief but persuasive Foreword, "Poetry does not state Truth; it states the conditions within which something felt is true." In his other writings Spender has fluctuated between "the little portion of reality" which is part of his actual experience, and the hugely pressing (or depressing) reality—the unassimilated facts, the amalgam of events, the Truth—which remains outside experience.

In "Ruins and Visions" the note is deliberately personal, and Spender has not hesitated to include within his subjects "weakness and fantasy and illusion." Yet these intimate, and even confessional, poems are among the most eloquent Spender has written. The old lyrical fervor is still here; the reader continues to hear what Archibald MacLeish called "that clean sharp stroke which is heard when the axe goes into living wood." And a new note is here: a quieter but sterner intensity, an almost solemn resoluteness. There may be no one page as immediately moving as the lines beginning "I think continually of those who were truly great" and ending:

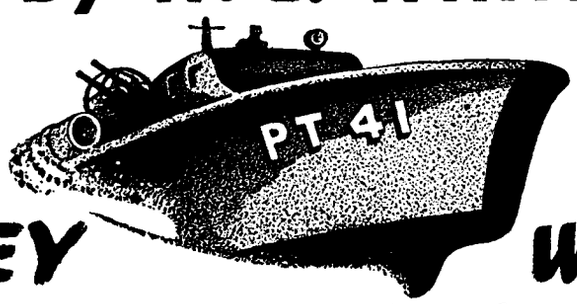
> Born of the sun they traveled a short while toward the sun,
> And left the vivid air signed with their honor.

But there are poems which carry that memorable quality. The note is announced with nervous muscularity in "The Midland Express"; with grave lucidity in "The Uncreating Chaos"; with unhappy acceptance of unfaithfulness in "Song," a lyric that somehow combines William Blake and D. H. Lawrence; with sad resignation in "The War God"; with tragic self-revelation in "The Ambitious Son"; and with a fierce logic that transcends its rhetoric in "An Elementary School Classroom in a Slum." Education is a fraud, says Spender, Shakespeare is a wicked cheat for children whose lives "turn in their cramped holes" to a future "painted with a fog, a narrow street sealed in a lead sky." The map of the colored world is a lie unless the map becomes their window, unless the window breaks open, shows the children to the field and all their world,

> . . . . . to let their tongues
> Run naked into books, the white and green leaves open
> The history theirs whose language is the sun.

Here, as in Spender's other work, the limitations are obvious: the frequent failure of the head to impose its wisdom upon the heart, the heavily burdened and sometimes inchoate line, the lack of self-discipline, and the total absence of humor. But, underneath the uncertainties and above all easily discovered blemishes, there is the clear voice of something dearly held and deeply felt as true. Here, blending tradition and experiment, is a voice of courage and—there is no lesser word for it—nobility.

By W. L. WHITE



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Condensed for the September Reader's Digest, it is now available in book form—more than twice as long. $2.00

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Essays of the Season

LIVES AROUND US. By Alan Devoe. New York: Creative Age Press. 1942. 221 *pages.* $2.

Reviewed by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

ONE welcomes another Devoe book as one would a returning season, or a friend who has been away. His latest work, a very slim volume, much shorter than its ostensible 221 pages might seem to indicate, follows a now well-precedented pattern of the round of the seasons, with an essay or two for each month in the year. Mr. Devoe follows man's year, beginning with January, rather than Nature's which begins with spring. A delightful woodcut by Frank Utpatel heads each essay. In general the essays are concerned with some form of animal life characteristic of the season. Mosquitoes and rattlesnakes, for instance, are the zodiacal signs of his summer; the weasel in his ermine coat, the deciduous tree, in its dormancy, and the hibernation of the mammals, stand for winter, and so on. In all, it is a charming little book, not marked by the greatest originality nor shot through with flashes revealing heights and depths in Nature to overawe us, but a simple account of familiar things. If you will hush the more insistent voices of the world today around you, and listen attentively, you will hear, from Mr. Devoe, something lastingly true, that is well expressed. And that is a great deal in a world where we hear so much that is untrue, and where even the true is often so badly expressed.

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Foot Behind Satan

GET THEE BEHIND ME. By Hartzell Spence. New York: Whittlesey House. 1942. 375 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by EDWIN DANIELS

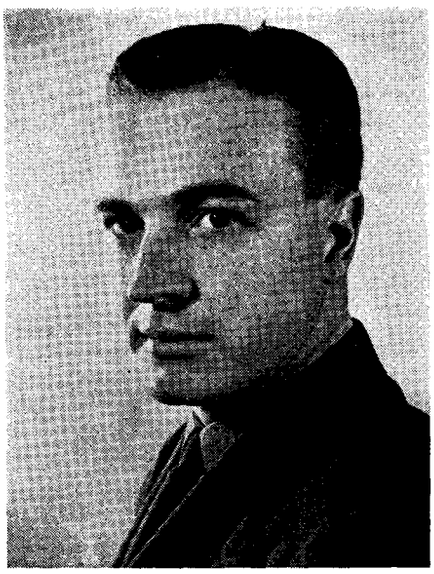
THE author of the popular "One Foot in Heaven" does it again. He writes the unambiguous, incident-studded story of his growing up, along with an older sister and a younger brother, in a succession of mid-Western parsonages, from the year 1908 on. This time, Father, the undoubted hero of the earlier book, is in the background. But not very far, nor for very long, for that wouldn't be like Father. He, too, comes in for his share of maturing; he, too, experiences growing pains.

Satan is ever-present. But he is hardly more than the natural impulse of a lively boy trying to ease the critical appraisal of his father's congregations, as well as the well-meaning rigidity of a father who is first of all a man of the cloth, and only secondly a confused but well-intentioned parent. And "Satan," in this guise, makes his way in scenes that are as nostalgic in our present time as they are humorous.

Many a preacher's son, and countless others, will echo with a not-so-pious "Amen," Hartzell Spence's accounts of the selling of newspapers on Sunday; pulling trolleys off the streetcar; smoking tea leaves as a member of the secret Two Gun Gang; going to the (sinful) movies, especially with that first girl; driving the family car, "Maud," a model-T, and burning out a bearing; dancing to the Victrola; building a wireless set; school oratorical contests; an adventure with a fourteen-year-old siren; working in a basket-weaving factory with the village toughs, with the preacher's son "out on the hem of their world"; life at college; the college newspaper, the fraternity hazing, campus politics.

As in the earlier book, sometimes the story gushes over; the stage is too precisely set for the hero, the villain, the outcome, but that is to quibble with a book whose impulse is to be light and amusing, and then c[illegible] ferentially to offer a fla[illegible]-attack (shades of the Father!) plea for the right of the children of a parsonage to grow up as they have a mind to.

Father, seen in his relation to his family, rather than fighting the Devil in the stubborn hearts of his congregation, emerges as a more likable human being. He takes the children camping, sees their adolescent strivings with a loving though bewildered eye. And at the last, on the occasion of his daughter's wedding, for which in a sense his 2500 earlier weddings have been but rehearsals, makes apparent to his children their heritage: "an intangible something from the parsonage, composed of a little perspective, a little tolerance, an unwavering conviction that man and God are good, that the abiding constancy of faith is a shelter against the impacts of all manner of skeptics and cynicism," for they see him through the eyes of "his people," come to share his joy.



—Photo by C. G. Bittner
Hartzell Spence

Donald McKay's illustrations are again amusing complements to the story.

Retrospect at Eighty

THE CONFESSION OF AN OCTOGENARIAN. By L. P. Jacks. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 272 *pp. and Index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

DR. JACKS, who is now eighty-three years old, must be one of the most distinguished of Harvard's living post-graduate students. He was at Harvard, studying under James Royce, Charles Eliot Norton, George Palmer—and it is a great tribute to that seat of learning that Jacks, already a graduate of London University and an *alumnus* of Manchester College, first learnt at Harvard the magnificent, world-displacing power of Homer and Dante. He had meant to study with William James, afterwards a close friend; but James was then immersed in psychology, and what Dr. Jacks thinks, as an octogenarian, of psychology, he felt then. His judgment on that branch of learning is worth quoting as it throws a sharp light on this religious philosopher's way of thought.

> Just as the human body, having nothing in its outward appearance to show the strange things going on inside it, must become a corpse or be put under an anesthetic if you would bring its interior secrets to

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the light of day, so with the human mind. When it comes under observation the life has gone out of it. A thought is a thought only so long as you are thinking it; your analysis of it, therefore, is a post mortem operation performed on something which is not a thought at all, but the corpse of a thought, from which the thinking has departed. The information you thus get about the mind is partial at best, useful when so recognized, but extremely dangerous when taken as complete.

This book, wise, mellow, humorous, understanding, a book with a taste as distinct as that of a Ribstone pippin, is no formal autobiography. There is too little, for my taste, about the author; his early chapters on his ancestry, sturdy English middle-class, show a gift for portrait painting which I wish he had exercised more generously in his accounts of later years. Here is a book which I would have liked more had it been ten times its length; but the reader must be grateful for the rare quality of the wine Dr. Jacks has here decanted. He was born at Nottingham; when his elder brother died, a young Scot, James M. Barrie, succeeded to his position. Dr. Jacks himself, by what the careless would call accident, chose as a career that of an "undenominational" minister, which meant, in effect, an alliance with the Unitarian congregation in England. He was a pupil of James Martineau, a friend of Estlin Carpenter, James Drummond, and that remarkable man Philip Wickstead who knew as much about Aristotle as an Oxford Professor, of Dante as Norton, and more about Ibsen than William Archer or Bernard Shaw. Dr. Jacks married a daughter of Stopford Brooke, and he found his life-work not in preaching, but as editor of *The Hibert Journal*.

He has lived a full, rich life; his teaching, prophetic, impulsive, at times capricious, has been an inspiration to men of many and of no creeds. He has always, he says, felt at home with members of the Society of Friends and the Society of Jesus; and this confirms my impression that, if it be true that no one of the Jacks family was *anima naturaliter Christiana,* he was *anima naturaliter Catholica* and had only, with his conviction that Dante's vision "is the truest vision of the Universe yet compassed by the human mind," to look a little less impatiently at mortal weakness and folly to see that the Beloved Community of his friend Josiah Royce was all the time in the world, waiting for him to acknowledge his membership in it. For that Dr. Jacks, with his devotion to the Common Man, is a member of the Catholic Church no one who reads this Confession can doubt.

History's Oldest Battleground

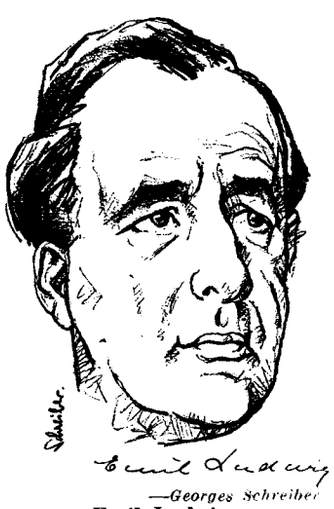
THE MEDITERRANEAN. By Emil Ludwig. New York: Whittlesey House. 1942. 635 *pp. With maps and illustrations.* $3.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES J. ROLO

ONCE again the age-old struggle between barbarism and civilization may be decided in the Mediterranean. The Barbarian holds most of the northern shore. The two prongs of his mechanized pincer have reached deep into Egypt on the one side and the Caucasus on the other. If this pincer closes on the oil of the Middle East, the war may perhaps be lost. On the other hand, if the prongs are lopped off and the Mediterranean "lifeline" opened, the allies will possess an invaluable springboard for an assault on the continent. At this time Mr. Ludwig's "The Mediterranean: Saga of a Sea" is a timely offering. Unfortunately the author attempts far too much, and what he gives us, if not too late, is certainly too little.

When Mr. Ludwig wrote "The Nile," his subject had unity and continuity, and could be fairly searchingly explored within the covers of a large volume. But it is a far cry from the life story of a river to the saga of a sea, when that sea is the setting of a thousand legends, the home of hundreds of the greatest figures in history, and the cradle of modern civilization.

Mr. Ludwig, after chronicling the lives of Cleopatra, Goethe, Napoleon, Bolivar, Lincoln, Bismarck, William II, Roosevelt, and other colossi, has now set out to tell the history of all of the peoples whose destiny was connected with the Middle Sea. The result is a sprawling, superficial work of popularization that lacks the penetrating insights of H. G. Wells's "Outline of History" or the powerful romantic sweep of a De Mille scenario. And there is a naiveté about the occasional judgments passed that is reminiscent of "1066 and All That."



—Georges Schreiber
Emil Ludwig

However, those who want a lightning tour of the Mediterranean (all expenses paid) will find Mr. Ludwig an obliging and entertaining guide, who will not strain their patience or burden them with new ideas. His book opens with Odysseus weeping for home on the shores of Malta and goes down to Mussolini bellowing for his so-called *Mare Nostrum.* There is virtually no "object of interest" in this long, long journey to which the author does not make at least a passing reference.

He enables you to take in at a rapid glance the history of Greece and of Rome, of Judaism and Christianity and the rise of Islam. You progress easily from the painful days of Rome and Byzantium in decay to the Crusades and the Renaissance, from the grandeur of Spain to the triumphs of Napoleon, from World War I to the tense days of August, 1939. And the story is rich, varied, and often fascinating. As Mr. Ludwig points out in his preface: "All our religions and philosophies, our sciences and arts, were born, transformed, disputed, perfected here. Here the souls and minds of the Europeans found their political, intellectual, and artistic patterns . . ."

Mr. Ludwig also offers a comprehensive "Who's Who in Mediterranean History," which provides thumbnail sketches of everyone from Pericles to Petrach, from Dante to Il Duce. All this constitutes, no doubt, a creditable assemblage of erudition. It is nonetheless unfortunate that the author has contented himself with superficial *raportage* when a more critical approach—especially to the decline of Athens and the fall of imperial Rome—might have cast valuable light on today's vital problems: the decay of nations, the Fifth Column, *legalized* barbarism, and the ultimate problem of restoring order out of world chaos.

A scholarship for poets who cannot afford tuition, in memory of the young American poet, Alexander F. Bergman, has been announced by the Writers School, 13 Astor Place, New York City, beginning with the fall term on September 30; as the result of the generosity of a Montefiori Hospital nurse who attended the poet during his long unsuccessful fight against the ravages of tuberculosis.

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THE COMING AMERICAN MISSION

(*Continued from page 4*)

enough chances to get it? Any projected society of the future—any society in the process of rebuilding, with our more or less welcome aid—will be a success or a failure by this index of societal efficiency, in the degree that it makes it possible for persons to realize the values it has taught them to desire.

IN so brief a note on so difficult a subject, it is necessary to speak with dogmatic brevity but I may at least anticipate one or two standard objections. We need not discuss the objections that a society founded on any principle but the revealed truth of Judaism, or Christianity, or Islam, is in essence a tragic error which only in charity can be allowed to live. Science cannot advise those who are willing to act on such beliefs. Few are willing so to act, however; we have few missionaries and very rare crusades.

An objection within our own frame of reference is that any population is full of natural deviates and that normality is at best a restless concept. To this we can only say that the evidence of the anthropologists is sufficient to show that a very large proportion of any population will follow even "weird" and "extreme" suggestions as quite natural, and that the kinds of deviation are functions of the degree of complexity as well as of culture patterns themselves. Hence the idea of the relative normal would be adequate for a basic formula.

For those who say that personality is genetically, not culturally, determined, I can do nothing but cite the literature and repeat that I assume the truth of the proposition that the ends to which structurally given energy is devoted are culturally given.

For those who prefer to discuss values in psychological rather than sociological terms, we can say that our formula would be the same if we said that a good society is one in which there are the fewest possible frustrations. The social situation provides the incitement and the opportunity for success or failure. The individual person suffers or succeeds.

To the moralist may occur the question of ultimate human purpose: Do we live to be happy? In the deepest sense, we do. There are many who follow the simple pattern of very early religious ideas, the pattern of a bargain, *i.e.*, we are unhappy for a brief term on earth in order to buy happiness forever. But even they are "normally" and piously grateful for love and peace and health and laughter. Stricter moralists may say that we live for the development of our powers but this too, more than other doctrines, is in harmony with the test here proposed which is not in the least transcendental: the good society is the society that provides for the greatest possible number of its members a chance to earn in normal ways the normal goods that the society itself has taught them to desire. Such wants must be in accord with the nature of man, whatever that nature is, or they will not be attainable by any. They must be worth having—to the people who have them. Any other way of judging a society is not to put the criterion higher (as no doubt would be asserted) but to judge it from no general standpoint at all but only from the standpoint of those values which our own society has taught us to desire and which, on that account, we struggle to attain.

It is a practical matter. The suggestion is intended to influence, if possible, the administration of the greatest practical problem of our immediate future, the reconstruction of the world. More tolerance would be useful. In that we would be following, in reconstruction, the best traditions of the imperialist powers that have learned for no benevolent motives to live with natives. But tolerance is scarcely enough if we can get something more, a positive operational standard of social order.

We have not agreed on, still less, any scientifically tested formula, but we have a considerable store of knowledge of the kind that would make rough judgments possible if those judgments were made after asking the right questions of the available information. And the suggested questions are of this order:

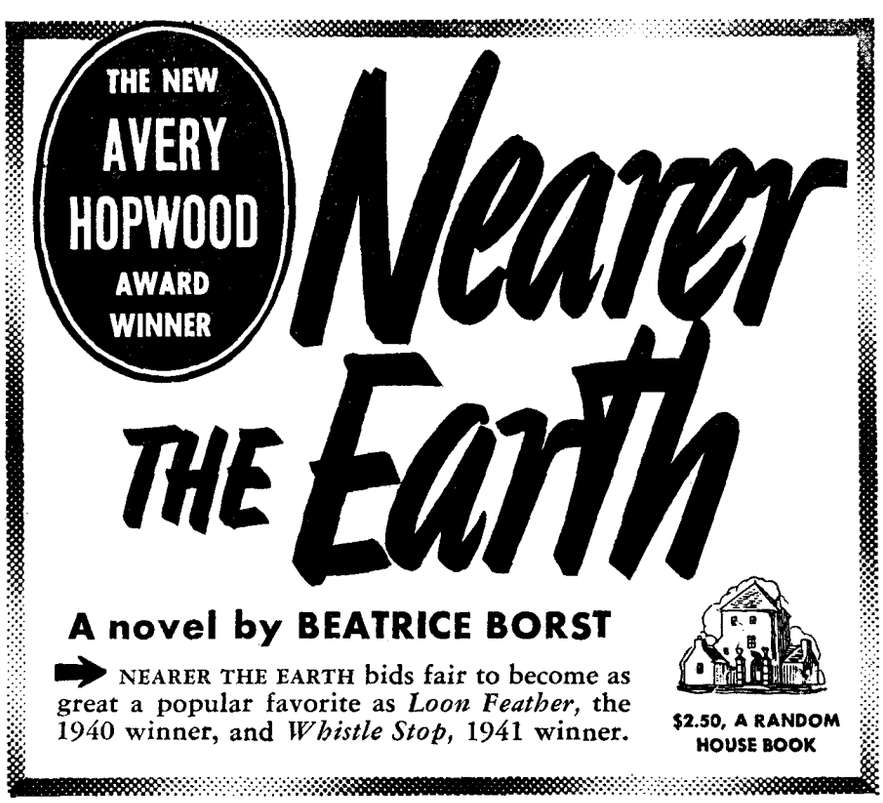
How successful can this social group be *in its own terms?*

What are those terms, beginning with an objective description of the group standards of success?

How good are the *means* provided, as judged solely by the standard of success?

Has this complete pattern any chance of surviving in the currents of other cultural influence to which it must necessarily be subjected?

AFTER questions like these and the others these suggest are answered, with the pattern as its natives saw it in the mind of the social engineer who has the patching up job to do, then the pieces can be picked up and carefully put together for efficiency and for adequate attainment of social goals. This is bringing democracy and freedom to enslaved peoples—but only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in the very largest sense.

To raise these questions involves enormous other questions. Does such a doctrine indicate that "self-determination," in Wilsonian terms, is a necessary goal of post-war reform? I can only say, dogmatically, that I believe it does not. We are discussing cultural, not necessarily political, groups, and there is good reason to believe that cultural and political lines can usefully be drawn in different places.

Another question is, What if a group chooses military conquest of handy victims as its cultural patterns? That question is a welcome one because we can say flatly that there is plenty of evidence to show that the military conquest pattern is not one by which the members of a group can achieve the values their society has taught them to desire. There is most of history to show that this pattern, if it is a stable and persistent way of using human energy, may achieve by-products but it has little chance of fulfilling our test of adequacy. That those who live by the sword will die by it, is not a moral judgment but an observation. And the limits of tolerance, or freedom, are evident here as they are in all such operations. No society can be reconstructed if, even judged by short term results, it is noxious to its neighbors or lethal to itself.

We have more of the kind of knowledge needed to create and perfect a standard of efficiency than may be anticipated, certainly enough to make a beginning. History, law, sociology, psychology, and anthropology are full of implications if we look for them. We could do something if we cared to; if the effort were considered worth our while. Social engineers in that case would come to help the weak and the devastated, not like a road engineer who arrives with his own blue prints for a road to a distant and alien city of his own choosing, but as one who says, "How, my friends, have you always travelled? Let us study that road and see if we can rebuild it so that you can safely arrive."

Lyman Bryson is affiliated with the Office of War Information, as head of the Bureau of Special Operations, and is Director of Education at the Columbia Broadcasting System.

H as in Hangman

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THE PHOENIX NEST

(*Continued from page* 14)

en Crane, "in case we have not used it." It is from his trenchant and ironic "War is Kind":

Swift blazing flag of the regiment,
Eagle with crest of red and gold,
These men were born to drill and die.
Point for them the virtue of slaughter,
Make plain to them the excellence of killing,
And a field where a thousand corpses lie.

Too bad that there were no unthrottled Stephen Cranes in Germany to ram those lines down the throat of the mass-murderer, Adolph Hitler, who is drowning the world in blood! Too bad that the triumphant military caste of Japan loves blood and rapine too much to possess the intelligence to appreciate those lines! Before Stalingrad far more than a thousand corpses lie. Hitler is destroying the youth of Germany as rapidly as he is trying to destroy the youth of all the world. And even worse than the destruction of their bodies is what he has done to their souls, inoculating a whole generation of youth with the poison of Nazism.

A Name Verse for France

Our readers will remember Elizabeth Wallace's jingle on Mexican names that we published some time ago. She lives in Minneapolis and now informs us that she has been moved to write another place-name verse. "This doesn't mean," she notes, "that I am wholly confined to a geographic vocabulary, but I love France and I know you do too." So here is her

Little Towns of France

You've seen those little towns of France

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER AT THE KENTUCKY DERBY *Charles Parmer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Race horse owner and gambler slain by parties unknown on eve of turf classic. State Investigator Austen solves it.	Authentic background and lots of atmosphere. Characters and plot agreeably melodramatic.	Average
THE AFFAIR OF THE SPLINTERED HEART *Clifford Knight* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Triple slaying in Honolulu—after Jap raid—launches Huntoon Rogers on devious trail.	Bowls along merrily right up to solution, which may seem rather sudden to some, although logical enough.	Good
THE DAFFODIL AFFAIR *Michael Innes* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Girl, horse and house disappear from London and York. Inspector Appleby traces them all.	Amazing goings on in England and South America. Breaks all the rules, but is good writing and swell fun.	For initiates

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That just lie where they are, placed
as by happy chance
High on a terraced rock, like reckless little Penne;
Or fallen in a vale, like quiet Clairefontaine;
Heavy-walled Aigues-Mortes where the three Maries
Found shelter, after sailing stormy seas . . .

One summer long we wandered there,
From St. Affrique to St. Nectaire.
Of welcoming smiles there was no lack
In cloister famous, quaint Moissac.
It was the same in Polignac,
In Herbignac and Bergerac;
And when we went to Chateaulin, to St. Sernin, or St. Savin,
And over to La Tour du Pin,
They welcomed us with a cordial grin.
From Quiberon to Tarascon, from Riom to Montluçon,
Beaucaire, Mer, Sèr, and St. Nazaire,
All smiled at us with a friendly air . . .

Where are you now, belovèd towns of France?
Your voice is never heard,
Your lights are dim and blurred . . .

O Roland, wind your horn again at Ronceval,
And mighty hosts will stir and answer to your call!

Indeed, they well may answer. It is literally the Devil's work that all gentle and gracious things, all ancient beauty, all simple happy life of good report, has long been at the mercy of the wholly cruel, mean, and vile, in a day when even great Gaul "tiptoe on all her thousand years and trumpeting to the sun," has been gagged by a slimy butcher's son who sells her sons into shameful slavery.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "South Wind," by Norman Douglas.
2. "Tristram Shandy," by Laurence Sterne.
3. "The Sea and the Jungle," by H. M. Tomlinson.
4. "Candide," by Voltaire.
5. "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll.
6. "A Farewell to Arms," by Ernest Hemingway.
7. Pepys' Diary.
8. "Of Human Bondage," by W. Somerset Maugham.
9. "Lady Into Fox," by David Garnett.
10. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," by R. L. Stevenson.

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IMPORTANT REMOVAL NOTICE. After Labor Day (September 8) Miss Goodman will reopen with her new and lovely Fall Showing of model dresses, coats and suits at 244 Lexington Avenue, near 34th Street. Telephone MUrray Hill 5-0670.

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally placed adjacent to Central Park and overlooks the spacious grounds of the American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a midtown caravansary, and the atmosphere is one of comfort and content. Quiet nights conducive of rest and cheerful sunlit days distinguish its hospitality. Accommodations for short or long incumbency. Flexible accommodations; one room $62.50 per month (yearly rate); two rooms $100 per month; furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenette—from $125 to $150 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. H. W. McGaffey, resident manager for reservations. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81 St., New York City.

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WHAT WITH ONE THING and another, we didn't get any vacation this summer. Did you? If you did not, now is a good time. New York is at its very best in Autumn. The theatres are buzzing, the shops showing wonderful things at low prices and every one is back from the country. A few days in New York will give you fresh energy and a fresh outlook for your job when you return to it.

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PIXIE: Don't give up. Autumn in the Fields of Asphodel(?) must be like pre-Vichy Paris in the Spring. Box 830-E.

WRITER, mourning demise of Dodgers' pennant chances, wishes to hold wake with similarly afflicted. Box 601-G.

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The Crostics Club

A TIMELY illustration of how far afield a DC selection may take one came to hand this week. I went to the library to verify the punctuation of a passage from "Twelfth Night"—on which I was working—those two lines at the end of Act 3, Scene I, after the Clown has made his exit:

For folly that he wisely shows is fit,
But wise men, folly fall'n quite taint their wit.

The Rolfe edition met my eye first, and to my amazement the second line read thus:

But wise men's folly shown quite taints their wit.

Despite my lapses from infallibility, thought I, I must have found somewhere the version I used. Seeking further, in turn I found mine in the "Temple," the "Hudson," and finally in the more modern, "Kittredge." Kittredge in his introduction writes that he based his version of "Twelfth Night" on the 23rd Folio as assumed correct.

In a mood of further curiosity I pursued the matter superficially through the Variorum edition by Furness, and even to the First Folio edition in the Chapin rare-book Library of Williams College. The Variorum text gave that of the First Folio:

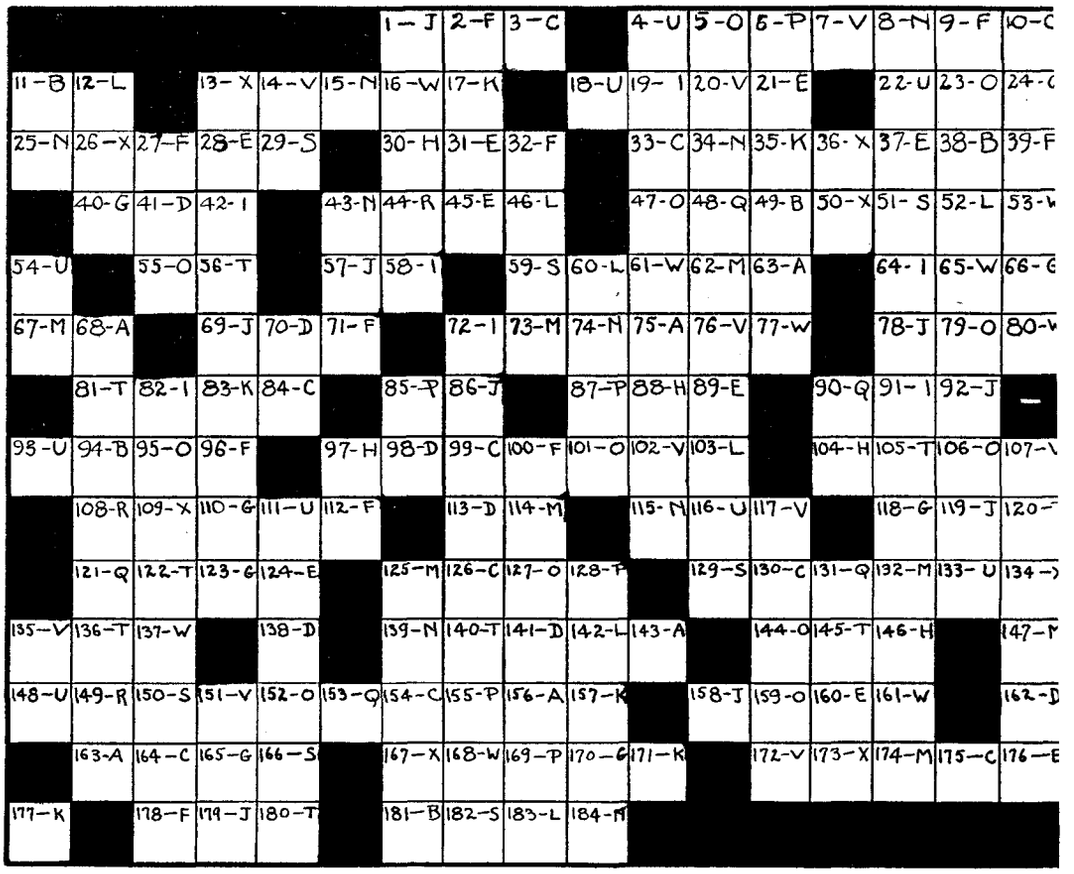
But wisemen's folly falne, quite taint their wit.

Furness (in his notes) also gives the respective versions through various Shakespeare publishers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, notably Theobald, Capell, Tyrwhitt, commenting, in conclusion, that the printer of the First Folio must have mistaken a comma for the letter *s* (after *wisemen*), and others to justify this subject in the singular added *s* to *taint*. The subject, in other words, is not *folly* but *wisemen*. And I, to make the puzzling more logical, sin further by inserting the *e* in *fallen;* but the word must still be pronounced as one syllable, else the word *quite* throws the line out of rhythm.

The recent passing of Alice Duer Miller recalls a letter she wrote on receipt of one of my books, to the effect that it gave her more pleasure than would the gift of a rare necklace.

Strangest letter of all from several famous writers now gone was from Charlotte Perkins Gilman just before her death. She asked how she could secure without too great cost all the back numbers of the *SRL*. She had discovered the alleviative power of Double Crostics, and as she did not "expect to be extant much longer" she would be delighted to receive them just then. Three weeks later her deliverance of herself by chloroform from a fatal illness was announced in *The New York Times*.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 444

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 15 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Characteristic specimen.

B. Hit the ball swiftly not far above the ground (baseball).

C. Without concealment or deception.

D. Language of the Aztecs.

E. To misuse—appropriate to one's own use.

F. To advance gradually, not directly, toward a coast, etc. (Naut.; 3 wds.)

G. Those who desert their party in adversity (slang).

H. Long narrow lagoons (Baltic coast of Germany).

I. Speaks broken English (of Australian aborigines).

J. Hindu organization strongly anti-Moslem (*N. Y. Times*—Cripps).

K. City of France on the Loire.

L. Not symmetrical; distorted (slang).

M. In reality; certainly (phrase).

N. Sec. of the Treasury (1864-5).

O. Employing fiercely all means of attack or defence (3 wds.)

P. Hit upon a solution (2 wds.)

Q. Matched (a score, etc.)

R. Seed of the opium poppy (for caged birds).

S. In the foremost esteem or favor (comp.; colloq.)

T. To curtail efforts (2 wds.)

U. Made more unyielding, as strength.

V. Sometimes corresponding in position and sometimes not (comp.)

W. Increased gradually the distance from an object (2 wds.)

X. Heavy hitters (baseball; colloq.)

WORDS

68 156 75 63 163 143

11 94 38 49 181

126 10 99 175 84 33 130 164 154 3

70 138 41 141 162 113 98

37 28 21 176 31 160 89 45 124

96 71 39 32 9 2 100 27 178 112

165 66 40 118 170 110 123

88 30 97 104 146

58 19 91 64 42 82 72

57 78 119 1 86 69 92 158 179

157 35 177 171 83 17

142 46 60 183 103 12 52

114 132 174 67 62 147 73 125

139 25 8 115 74 184 43 34 15

144 47 106 127 152 55 5 95 79 159 101 23

128 155 6 169 85 87

24 48 90 131 121 153

108 44 149

182 129 166 51 150 29 59

105 136 120 81 56 122 145 140 180

111 93 4 18 22 116 148 133 54

172 7 151 117 102 76 107 14 135 20

65 137 16 161 80 53 168 61 77

167 13 109 26 36 173 50 134

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TRADE WINDS

WHAT WITH a global war, tax debates, and continuous upheavals on the home front, it's a rare and imaginative criminal who can manage to land his exploits on the first page these hectic days. Two birds with literary leanings have made the grade in recent weeks. The first was a dignified lady who snitched a copy of a valuable first edition from under Dave Randall's nose in Scribner's Bookstore, and had the consummate gall to try to sell it back to him twenty-four hours later. Unimaginative coppers booked her on a charge of grand larceny, but we think there's a place for that gal in Washington. The second was a carnival barker named Henry Dankert who suddenly decided that he would essay the role of John Steinbeck. For an entire week the highest circles in Pittsburgh wined and dined him, and listened to his account of how he had written "The Moon Is Down." During his masquerade, he bought for four hundred dollars (a check that bounced sky-high) a one-tenth interest in a play called "The Red Winged Blackbird," and landed in the hoosegow when the author discovered his true identity. Dankert gave back the manuscript, was fined twenty-five dollars on a charge of vagrancy, and wangled a job in one of the local night clubs as a result of all the wacky publicity he got.

This was, I think, the first case of its kind since Prince Mike Romanoff, né Gerguson of the Milwaukee Gergusons, became temporarily tired of being a great Russian nobleman, and announced that he was Rockwell Kent. A distinguished New England publishing house took him at his word, paid him an advance on a contract to illustrate a forthcoming tome, and duly announced the fact in its new catalogue. The real Rockwell Kent thought that the exploit was very funny. The publishing house did not. Romanoff is now one of Hollywood's leading restaurateurs, but is said to be pining for the open road and his good old days of carefree humbuggery . . .

LUDWIG BEMELMANS spent a part of last summer at the Adirondack retreat of Donald Ogden Stewart, collaborating with him on a libretto for a contemplated Rodgers and Hart musical called "Hotel Splendide." Somebody threw a monkey wrench into the proceedings at the last moment, but Ludwig at least had the opportunity of acquainting himself with Stewart's books. "Stewart was determined that I read his 'Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad,' recounts Mr. Bemelmans. "It was next to my place at the breakfast table and under my pillow at night. Finally, I decided to move up the bookmark in it a few pages each day, to show progress. I told him I was reading it in bed. The very next night, however, Hawkshaw caught me red-handed. I was reading in bed all right, but what I was reading was one of my personal favorites—a book by myself."

We can only say that if Ludwig didn't get around to the Haddock opus before he decamped, he missed one of the funniest books of our time. Do you remember Mr. Haddock awakening in mid-ocean one morning on his first trip to Europe? "Are we on time?" asked Mr. Haddock anxiously. The steward peered intently through the portholes at the billowing waves for several moments, and then replied gravely, "No, sir. We're twenty minutes late!" Then he explained, as an afterthought, "You see, we had a slight accident last night that delayed us a bit. The Captain fell overboard."

We refer Mr. Bemelmans also to Stewart's "Parody Outline of History," and to the story entitled "The Whiskey Rebellion" in particular. It was told in the Bedtime Story Manner of Thornton Burgess, and began as follows:

" 'Just the *day* for a whiskey Rebellion.' said Aunt Polly, and off she ran, lipperty-lipperty-lip, to get a few shooting rifles. 'Oh goody goody,' cried little Emily. 'Now we can all shoot at those horrid Revenue Officers!' "

Why doesn't Don Stewart write books like that any more? . . .

ERNEST HEMINGWAY is in Santa Ana, California, writing a book about the air force and his wife, Martha Gelhorn, is spending her days at the Lockheed plant, preparing material for a book that will be published by Crown this fall. His own collection of war stories, about to appear as a Modern Library Giant, piled up the largest advance sale in the history of the series. Finally, his "For Whom the Bell Tolls" has at last reached the production stage in Hollywood, and the folks who have seen advance rushes predict that it will be a honey. Gary Cooper was the obvious choice to play Jordan, but the nomination of the dazzling Zorina for the part of Maria did not work out so well. After several days of shooting, Ingrid Bergman was substituted in the role, and they began all over again . . . Vincent Sheean is now Captain in the Air Force, and his new book "Between the Thunder and the Sun" has been postponed until January . . . Gene Fowler talks about doing a biography of John Barrymore. If he wants a copy of Barrymore's last starring vehicle, "My Dear Children," we have a very close friend who is stuck with about a thousand of them . . . Sinclair Lewis will give a course in writing at Minnesota this Fall. His new novel will be delivered to his publishers before January first . . . Aldous Huxley, whose defective eyesight was a serious handicap in his early career, has now discarded his spectacles entirely. He tells how he did it in his forthcoming book, "The Art of Seeing."

S. N. BEHRMAN, an infrequent patron of New York night spots, popped up at the Stork Club one evening last week, where he noted the presence of Tallulah Bankhead, Irene Dunne, George Jean Nathan, and, of course, William Saroyan. Resolved to make a night of it, he taxied over to "21" a little later, where the first people he saw were Tallulah Bankhead, Irene Dunne, George Jean Nathan, and, of course, William Saroyan. "Good heavens," exclaimed Behrman, "there seems to be two sets of everybody!" Mr. Behrman's new play, "The Pirate," is one of his best, and with Lunt and Fontanne as its stars will certainly be one of the outstanding successes of the budding Broadway season. Mr Lunt told us, incidentally, that before he came East for rehearsals, he asked his servant to put all of his cook books into one section of his library. He found his first edition copy of Maugham's "Cakes and Ale" there the following morning . . .

FREEMAN LEWIS, of Triangle Books, suggests that a new reprint of John Erskine's "Private Life of Helen of Troy" be renamed "The Last Time I Saw Paris" . . . Another mad wag discovered a Random House executive absorbed in the advance galleys of Isak Dinesen's new book, "Winter's Tales." "Ahah!" he exclaimed, "The Man Who Came to Dinesen!" . . . The accountant of a publishing house whose name you would recognize is reported to have burst into the office of the head of the firm in a state of wild jubilation one day last week. "After five long years," he chortled, "I am pleased to report to you that we are no longer in the red!" "Glory be," cried his chief. "Make up five copies of the annual report at once so that I can wave them in the face of that so and so at the bank." "But I have no black ink," mourned the accountant. "So what," the chief roared, "Go out and buy a bottle." "I should say not," was the reply. "In that case, we'd be back in the red!"

BENNETT CERF.

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